The students open the heart-shaped box of chocolates and share the contents.

I tell you truthfully that these wounds, inflicted on the dearest of my organs, were the only ones that made me feel a sort of thrill; but I found comfort in the thought that the treasure had long ago been removed from its shrine; the sought the prize in any empty casket. Sentiments, affections, passions, emotions, ravings, all its tumultuous array, I had given over the custody of other keepers ....

I was hoping that this entertainment had closed, when I was put to a fresh trial. The Professor, having cut off a little slice of my brain, put it between two glasses, and placed it under a lens which magnified enormously.

The Young Doctor removes a toy microscope from the box of "SPARE PARTS" and examines a piece of chocolate.

"Behold," I heard him proclaim, "a nervous cell!"

An actor dressed up as a "nervous cell" or carrying a large poster of an amoeba, leaps up from behind the table and runs screaming from the stage.

And all those gentlemen, one by one, looked at it, but on finishing I thought I heard them say to themselves, --"we knew all that before."